

The Mirror

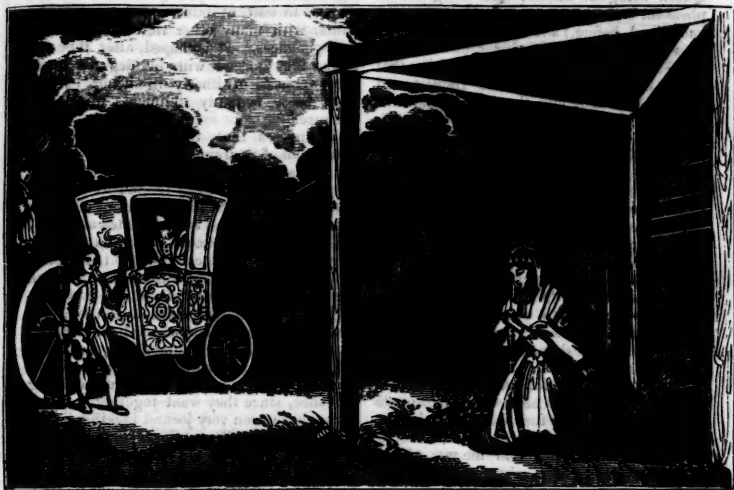
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 697.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

PENANCES.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I., DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN.

(From a scarce Print.)

In times, which were really "the dark ages" of religion, her priests often enjoined pilgrimages or journeys as penances for some real or pretended crime; and, in other cases, pilgrimages were spontaneously undertaken from some strong emotion in the breast of the pilgrim. Besides these probationary stratagems, culprits were frequently ordered by their confessors, other kinds of mortification, such as to avoid carrying arms; never to stay two nights in one place; neither to cut their hair, pare their nails, &c. Long fastings were ordered frequently; but as the wealthy, (says Spelman,) might abstain by proxy, a seven years' fast might be performed in three days, if the principal could prevail upon eight hundred and forty persons each to take his share. This concise plan of atonement was forbidden solemnly at the Council of Cloveshoos, in the year 747; but the decree was disregarded.

In pilgrimages of the above kind, it is contended by Mr. Fosbroke, that an essential condition was, that the pilgrim should walk barefoot; and there are instances to the last of persons of the highest rank adopting this

painful mode of travelling. Among the most celebrated and recent instances recorded to have taken place in England are the pilgrimages of the beautiful Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First, from St. James's to Tyburn.

It will be recollected that "by the marriage articles of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, the latter was permitted to have a very large establishment of Catholic priests; from which it has been inferred that the marriage was assented to on the part of the Papal Hierarchy, with the secret intention of rendering it the stepping-stone to the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in this country. The glaring imprudence, however, not to say impudence, with which the Queen's household endeavoured to effect their purpose, and the very indecent kind of subjugation in which they enthralled their royal mistress, occasioned their absolute dismissal from the kingdom by Charles himself, within little more than a twelvemonth after their arrival here."

Henrietta Maria is described in letters of

• Bayley's Londoniana, vol. v. p. 256.

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her time as a beautiful woman, in stature reaching to the King's shoulders; she was "nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word, a brave lady." That so lovely a creature should have been enthralled by her priesthood is matter of great regret. Very soon after her arrival in England, the Queen being at dinner, and being carved pheasant and venison by His Majesty, (who had dined before,) she ate heartily of both, notwithstanding her Confessor, (who all this while stood by her,) had forewarned her that it was the eve of St. John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example, or a scandal, on her first arrival. This was, probably, the first direct interference with his consort which the King witnessed, and it appears to have made an impression on his mind by no means favourable to the Catholic priests.

In a letter, dated June 25th, it is said, "Last Sunday the Queene and here, (the King inhibiting English ladies to attend her Majesty,) were at high masse, it being then St. Peter's day, at Denmark (or Somerset) House."—"She hath twenty-nine priests; fourteen of them Theatines, and fifteen seculars; besides a bishop, a young man under thirty years old." An inclosure of the same date contains the following passage:—"These priests have been very importunate to have the Chapel finished at St. James, but they find the King very slow in doing that. His answer one told me was, 'That if the Queene's closet, where they now say masse, were not large enough, let them have it in the Great Chamber; and if the Great Chamber were not wide enough, they might use the Garden; and if the Garden would not serve their turne, then was the Park the fittest place.'" So seeing themselves slighted, they grow weary of England, and wish themselves at home again. Besides, unto the King's devotion they cannot adde, nor with all their stratagems can bring him in the least love with their fopperies."

Henrietta's clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France. A letter of the period describes them as very "fitt to make firebrands of sedition in a forren state; so that his Matie. so long as he gave them entertainment, did but nourishe so many vipers in his bosome." Among their "insolencies towards the Queene," it is recorded that her Majesty was once sentenced by her Confessor to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, and there to do homage to the saintship of some recently executed Catholics. "No longer ago then upon St. James, his day last, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queene to walke afoot, (some adde barefoot,) from her house at St. James's, to the gallows at Tyborne, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place,

where so many martyrs (forsooth!) had shed their blood in defence of the Catholique cause. Had they not also made her to dable in the dirt in a fowl morning, fro' Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian Confessor riding allong by her in his Coach! Yea, they made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (treen or wooden) dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. It is hoped, after they are gone, the Queene will, by degrees, finde the sweetness of liberty in being exempt from those beggarly rudiments of Popish penance."

It appears that the French were first turned out of St. James's and sent to Somerset House: a letter stating that they were immediately ordered "to depart thence, (St. James's,) to Somerset House," although "the Women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeomen of the Guard, by that Lord's (Conway) appointment, thrust them and all their country folkes out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doores after them. It is said, also, the Queen, when she understood the designe, grew very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fists; but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went together to Non-suche, have been very jound together."

In the same letter as that which describes the above penance, an amusing account is given of peculations committed by "these French freebooters," on the Queen's "apparel and linen," when they left her little more than one gown to her back. About a month afterwards, the King, probably from some fresh machination of the discarded train, thus issued his commands to the Duke of Buckingham.

"STEENIE,—I have received your letter by Dic Greame, this is my Answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the Towne. If you can, by fair means, (but stike not longe in disputing,) otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill go with them. Lett me heare no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

Your faithful constant,

Onking, the 7th of
August, 1626.

loving friend,
CHARLES R."

This command was almost immediately executed; though the "crew" would not go without an order from the King. This news was sent post to the King, and on the following morning, his Majesty dispatched to London the Captain of the Guard, with a competent number of yeomen, messengers, heralds, and trumpeters, first to proclaim his Majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in exe-

• Ellis's Original Letters, First Series, vol. iii. pp. 241—2, from the Harl. MSS. 383.

sution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them: "which news, so soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide."

The original of the Engraving representing this strange scene, on the opposite page, is a German print of considerable rarity.

It would, however, be improper to omit notice of the "gallows" at Tyburn,—“Tyburn tree,” as it is called in the Beggars’ Opera vocabulary. It was stationary, of triangular plan, and likewise called the three-footed stool. Its site was subsequently occupied by the turnpike-house, at the end of Oxford-street, and beginning of Bayswater-road.

A view of the Tyburn gallows will be found in Hogarth’s Execution of the Idle Apprentice. The place of execution was afterwards at a short distance on the Edgeware road, across which was erected on the morning of execution, a gallows, consisting of two uprights and a cross-beam. On the west side of the road were two galleries for spectators. The key of one of them was kept by a squabby woman of the name of Douglas, commonly called “Mammy Douglas,” the Tyburn pew-opener.

SONG.

We’ve met, when heav’nly morn was bright,
When twilight’s shadows fell;
When festal halls were bathed in light,
And dreamt not, of—Farewell!

We’ve met, when Nature smil’d, when we
In Eden seem’d to dwell;
Now, earth is wintry, fraught with drea,
Wild, dark, for, oh!—Farewell!

We’ve met, by calm and clear burn-side,
In flow’ry wood and dell,
Ne’er deeming that hearts bound and tried
By years, must feel—Farewell!

We’ve met; and each, for each, shall live,
Though forc’d apart to dwell;
What to IMMORTAL LOVE may give
The death-stroke? not Farewell!

M. L. B.

LINES ON VIEWING THE ROYAL TOMB HOUSE, AT WINDSOR.

“Man is but dust.”

THESE sleep dead kings! in deathly sleep they rest
Who rested not on earth and yet were blest
Or hated, when they rul’d, by many men
Who drew the sword or us’d the subtle pen
In warlike faction, thro’ their busy day,
And yet have gone! to perish—to decay!

There sleep dead kings! There rots “the royal hand!”

And lips there moulder which could once command
A people’s blessing or a nation’s curse!
So sleep dead kings! but sleeps the peasant worse?
Back to Earth’s bosom myriads long have fled,
And earth itself is teeming with the dead!

The silent moonbeam steals along the wall
Like Time’s chronometer—the shadows fall
In varied angles from the buttress deep
Of that high fane where British monarchs sleep;
And in the solemn stillness of the night
When darkness deepens in the flood of light

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And like a veil hangs o’er the Gothic wall
Trailing itself on earth, ’tis like a pall—
A solemn pall, as if in mockery spread
To mark the Tomb House of the Royal dead!

But yet the rose upon the cotto’r’s grave
And by some loved one planted there, to save
The memory of a friend, will tell more true
Of silent grief, when pearly hangs the dew
Upon the morning bud—as tears when shed
Glisten on cheeks that sorrow for the dead!

SELIN.

Manners and Customs.

THE JAPANESE.

(Abridged from an amusing Paper in the Quarterly Review, just published.)

A SYSTEM of espionage extends itself throughout the empire of Japan, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—somewhat after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is everywhere divided. The Dayrie, or Spiritual Emperor, resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Tsiwoinjo. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study can afford. His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the tea-cup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture; and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of “Live the Dayrie!” without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, “the Dayrie is dead.” The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbakk, who represents the Dayrie’s person, and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadayzin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods; and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sana, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must

appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is, therefore, never allowed to leave it.

In Japan, not only is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others; and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man; for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in a household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day; each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice.

The manufacture of the sabre is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with his two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heir-loom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little less than a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals, or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner; and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the manege, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the latter they excel. With respect to "other appliances of

war," they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery, previous to the general pacification of the empire; and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack, which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all matchlocks; their powder is very indifferent.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed concubines *ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast, and adorns the social meeting. The samsie or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, sakki,* and good fellowship, become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilization, Japan may, at least, compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan,† places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation, but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous; and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse and proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree. Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for

* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

† Author of a Dutch work on Japan.

sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and, indeed, against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burden, and when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and, we may add, the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry are much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whalebone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese, and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services, and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

Of the lacquered ware, which bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of anything but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing that the common chests, which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet work of the Gillows and Morells of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licentious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities. Their leaders of the orchestra, if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis. The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senmimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented; but the

player's profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair customers, as worthy of introduction during the Opera season. The ladies who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose. Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box-entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness, and their addiction to compliment appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description. "In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of outdoor and rural amusements. Of these, the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strain of the author of *Lalla Rookh* :—

Oh best of delights as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved one, what a rapture is his,
Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmeer with that one by his side!

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima. "This is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play, meanwhile, that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A

floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain, 'Anatoya, modamada,' 'He floats, he is not still,' till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman."

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. They are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine, their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of *acu-puncturation*. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity, both natural and artificial, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and in Jeddo, is a collection of old European engravings, which has been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of factitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as "a merman" in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

The Public Journals.

THE NOVICE. A SICILIAN FACT.

SOME time since there resided in a Sicilian city a prince, left early master of himself and a large fortune. Opposite his mansion lived a professor of the healing art, called Don

Ambrosio, who, the reader will please to observe, in order to keep his curious neighbour from prying into his secrets, kept in his windows vases, some filled with flowers, others with sweet herbs, such as parsley, thyme, marjorum, and the like. The doctor was an elderly man, verging close on sixty-five, and exceedingly avaricious. It happened that one morning, the prince rising earlier than usual, caught a glimpse of one of the loveliest faces he ever beheld, peeping out behind the flowers. Naturally of an amorous disposition, he felt himself at once deeply in love, and could not rest until he discovered who this beautiful creature was, for he knew Don Ambrosio had neither wife nor daughter. He inquired of his domestics and the neighbours, but none of them were in a condition to gratify his curiosity. As the doctor never admitted any one into the house except an old hag, who served him as housekeeper, and was so crusty and ill-tempered, that he was as likely to get information from one of the doctor's anatomies. But the prince having read at school how *Danico* was tempted by a golden shower, shrewdly conjectured that a similar fall might allure an older woman. Watching his opportunity, one day, when she left the house, he introduced himself to her acquaintance, by softly slipping a few zechins into her withered hand, when, instead of a dry, surly, old creature, as she had been depicted, he found her one of the most complaisant and communicative of her sex. He learnt from her that the young lady was a ward, lately left by a deceased relative to her master's charge, that she was entitled to a good round sum when she came of age, which she believed had more charms for the doctor than her person, lovely as she was, for he proposed marrying her himself, and was ever pestering her with his solicitations, which it will be readily conjectured were not altogether to her taste. He led her a sad life, for, fearful of younger rivals, he kept her a close prisoner, never allowing her to pass the threshold, not even to mass on holidays. To the prince's pressing entreaties for an interview, the old lady said that the doctor never stirred out, and had even given up visiting his patients; that the only opportunity he would have of seeing his charmer nearer, would occur on Christmas eve, which was fortunately close at hand, when Don Ambrosio had, as a great indulgence, promised to take her to church, that she might see the ceremonies usual on the occasion; but, not to discover the secret of his having a ward, or give cause for suspicion, the jealous doctor intended to disguise her as a capuchin. The prince then dismissed his informant with another present, and an impassioned message to her beautiful mistress, who sometimes found an opportunity of eluding her guardian's vigilance, and showing herself at the windows, giving the

prince to understand by signs, that she was not insensible to his passion. If her beauty had at first kindled a spark in his breast, it now fanned it into a devouring flame. The expected evening at length arrived. The prince carefully watched the doctor's door, until, sure enough, he saw him leave the house in company with a monk. Losing not a moment in following, he entered the church close behind them; then, pretending to fall in with them by accident. "Ha! Don Ambrosio, are you here? and who is this young friar in your company?"

"Only a capuchin novice, a relation, whom the prior has permitted to pass the evening with me," replied the disciple of Esculapius, stifling his vexation at the unwelcome rencontre; and as he spoke he drew the hood closer over the face of his companion, wishing his excellency a good evening, and trying to shuffle off into the middle of the crowd. But the prince was not so easily taken leave of, he kept his post at the side of the young novice, condescendingly explaining to him all that was novel or extraordinary in the scene, not without slipping in a tender word at intervals, when the doctor was looking another way, intending to snatch a favourable opportunity of bolting with his fair companion; but the other was always on the alert, changing from right to left as the agonized doctor shifted the novice, on various pretexts, from one arm to the other. At the conclusion of the ceremony he made another desperate effort to get off, but his neighbour, always prepared, declared he had received so much pleasure in the doctor's company, that he was resolved to take him and his young charge to supper with him. The alarmed doctor was in no hurry to accept the suspicious honour, saying that it did not become a person in his situation to sit at table with a prince.

"Pshaw!" said his companion, "this is nothing but prejudice; we are all of the same flesh and blood, all sprung from the same fore-father, cousins in the thirtieth or fortieth degree at farthest, and much nearer, if all family secrets were brought to light. However, if you will not sup with me, I swear I will with you. Here," said he to one of his domestics, whom he recognised in the crowd, "order my supper to be carried over to the house of Don Ambrosio; we'll make a night of it."

The doctor not knowing to what length so wild a young man might carry his frolic, of two evils, chose what he esteemed the least, and agreed to accompany the prince home, on the express proviso that they should not be detained more than an hour.

"As for that," said his noble host, "I, perhaps, shall not keep you half so long." Soon after they arrived, supper was announced, and the prince, the doctor, and the novice, took their seats. It being the vigil of Christmas, the meal was, of course, entirely meagre,

consisting chiefly of fish. No sooner were the covers removed, than the prince, casting his eye from one dish to the other, getting into a fury, which increased at every article until he reached the bottom of the table, when no longer able to restrain himself, he started up in an ecstasy of rage. "What!" he roared in a voice of thunder, "all without parsley! that villain of a cook shall pay for his neglect." So saying, he ran about like a madman, heedless of the entreaties of Don Ambrosio, until at length, spying his sword in a corner, he seized it, and rushing down stairs, swore he would send his careless cook to his mortal account without more ado. A tremendous uproar was heard below which made poor Ambrosio tremble for the life of the unlucky offender. Just then a dozen servants hurried into the room. "Don Ambrosio! Don Ambrosio! are you not ashamed to let the prince cut all our throats for a little parsley, when you have so much growing in your window? for heaven's sake run over and fetch some, or we shall all be murdered." With these words they laid hold of him, one pulling, another pushing, until they got him fairly down stairs, shouting all the way for the novice to follow. "What!" they said, "are you afraid of our eating him before you return with the parsley?" Finding there was no remedy, the doctor made the best of his way to his own house, tore up the parsley by the roots, and was back in less than a minute. But short as was his stay, there was quite time enough, it appeared, for the prince and all his household to have retired to rest, for the huge doors of the palace were fast locked and barred against his ingress. In vain, Doctor Ambrosio knocked and knocked, shouting and crying to the servants to open for the love of all the saints, bawling till he was hoarse, that he had brought the parsley; the ponderous portals remained firm on their inexorable hinges. Still Don Ambrosio, almost beside himself with rage and jealousy, continued his cries and his knockings. A full hour passed in this manner. At length the porter, a surly old fellow, was heard behind the door, asking who dared to disturb his master at that unseasonable hour.

"It is I, Don Ambrosio; open, as you hope to be saved; I have brought the parsley."

"The parsley!" cried the other, in a tone of wonder.

"If you don't want the parsley," gasped out the supplicating son of Galen, "at least let me have my novice."

"Your novice!" repeated the porter, in a tone of still greater surprise; "this must be a stratagem of thieves to effect an entrance in order to plunder the palace. Hollo! there, bring me my blunderbuss."

At this instant one of the windows opened, and the shower which was wont in more classic days to follow the thunder of Xantippe,

now irrigated the less patient and philosophical head of Don Ambrosio. Long did the desperate doctor besiege the princely residence with exclamations, curses, and thundering raps at the door, in defiance of missiles wet and dry. It was a plain case; the neighbours all saw that poor Don Ambrosio had lost his senses.

Finding how matters stood, the doctor at length thought that his best plan would be to proceed to the capitano di giustizia. Late as it was, his importunity procured him admission. Hearing the strange tale of Don Ambrosio, who, still bent on preserving his secret, never hinted that it was no capuchin, but his ward who was thus unlawfully detained, the magistrate, who is always a nobleman, resolved himself to accompany the doctor to the prince's mansion, conceiving it one of his customary frolics. The capitano having narrated the complaint of Don Ambrosio, begged the other would finish the affair, by giving the capuchin back to the poor man, that he might return him to his convent.

"A capuchin!" said the prince, in feigned surprise, "in my house! Don Ambrosio has lost his wits. The whole neighbourhood can testify to the disturbance he has this evening made at my door. You are at liberty to search the house from roof to cellar, and if you find monk or friar, capuchin or carmelite, young or old, you may take him and welcome; but if all this should turn out to be merely the effect of Don Ambrosio's disordered brain, it will only be charity to him, and satisfaction to me, to lodge him in the madhouse, for fear he should give into greater excesses. Come, gentlemen, begin your examination."

Just then a lady, superbly attired, and beautiful as a houri, passed through the apartment. No sooner did she catch the eye of the doctor, than pointing to her, "There, there!" he exclaimed, "that is the capuchin."

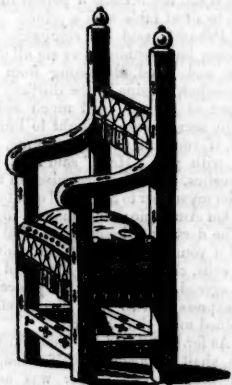
"Poor man!" said the capitano di giustizia, crossing himself, "mistake a lady for a capuchin! he's quite gone, and must be looked after." Don Ambrosio was accordingly, without more ado, hurried off to the hospital, where his vehement assertions and protestations being taken for the ravings of a deranged intellect, his professional brethren kindly consigned him to the strait waistcoat, and soon in reality cupped, bled, shaved, and blistered him out of his senses, which perhaps he would never have recovered, had not his fair ward, become the wife of the enamoured prince, considerably interfered in his behalf, and procured his release.—*Metropolitan.*

Denmark contains 1,223,307 individuals; of which 119,292 reside in the capital, Copenhagen. The total population of Denmark has augmented since 1801, to the extent of 208,833 individuals, or 32 to 33 per cent.—*Herald.*

Antiquariana.

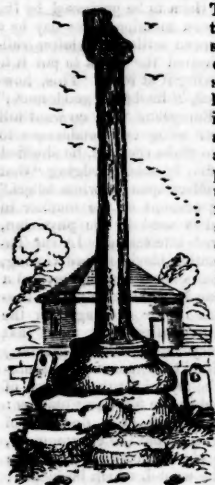
CHAIRS.

MONTFAUCON has engraved various chairs, which are proved to be accurate by those taken from coins in Morant's *Colchester*; and they do not essentially differ from the modern. Pliny says that the Roman matrons used to sit in sloping chairs made of a kind of willow; one of which is the ancestor of the beehive-chair of straw, so common in the West of England, of which Donne speaks: "sits down and snorts, caged in his basket chair." Whitaker has engraved British chairs from coins, and the cricket, or cylindrical block of wood. Among the Anglo-Saxons, we hear of chairs of state of admirable workmanship and ornament; richly cushioned with damasked and brocaded stuff, and the cushions themselves in beautiful patterns, as indeed are several of the seats. In these, too, and the succeeding ages, we find chairs of ivory, silver, cedar, and different metals, curiously wrought; but there were also ruder kinds. These particulars are from the Rev. Mr. Fosbroke's valuable *Cyclopædia*. It may be added that few if any articles of domestic furniture have undergone so few changes of construction as chairs: the straight, high back was common to the present century, and to fit the framework to the sitting figure has been the work of many ages. Of this straight-backed chair, the annexed Cut is an enriched specimen: besides the ornamented woodwork, we see the splat, or cross bar, covered with a kind of tapestry hanging, with fringe and tassels; which decorations are continued from the well-stuffed cushion. Altogether it presents a handsome specimen of the upholstery of the sixteenth century.



Chair of Mary, Queen of Scots.—From Montfaucou.

ANCIENT CROSS.



THE Cut shows the crumbling shaft of a cross erected centuries since, in a village churchyard in Oxfordshire; and around it are many less picturesque memorials. The figure of the shaft is, however, sufficiently perfect to denote how superior was the art displayed in the masonry of this cross to the upright or flat tombstones now common in churchyards.

The reader knows our sympathy with olden monuments of the dead, and tributary memorials to departed worth; of which the vignette presents a fragment.

The Naturalist.

VEGETABLE INSECT TRAPS.

MR. LEONARD KNAPP has devoted a few pages of his very interesting *Journal of a Naturalist* to the consideration of this curious provision in the economy of nature. He leads his reader to the subject by observing that the walls in many parts of his neighbourhood are decorated with most of the varieties of the great snapdragon, the white, the pink, and the common; and that beautiful deviation with a white tube and crimson termination is slowly wandering from the garden, and mixing with its congeners.

It has not, perhaps, been generally observed, that the flowers of this plant, "bull-dogs," as the boys call them, are perfect insect traps; multitudes of small creatures seek an entrance into the corolla through the closed lips, which, upon a slight pressure, yield a passage, attracted by the sweet liquor that is found at the base of the germen; but when so admitted, there is no return, the lips are closed, and all advance to them is impeded by a dense thicket of woolly matter, which invests the mouth of the lower jaw:—

"Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;
But 'tis a long, unconquerable pain,
To climb to these æthereal realms again."

But this snapdragon is more merciful than

most of our insect traps. The creature receives no injury when in confinement; but, having consumed the nectareous liquor, and finding no egress, breaks from its dungeon by gnawing a hole at the base of the tube, and returns to liberty and light.

It is a perplexing matter, to reconcile our feelings to the rigour, and our reason to the necessity, of some plants being made the instruments of destruction to the insect world.

Of British plants, we have only a few so constructed, which, having clammy joints and calyxes, entangle them to death. The sundew destroys in a different manner, yet kills them without torture. But we have one plant in our gardens, a native of North America, than which none



(Flower of the Dogbane.)

can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, viz. the dogbane, which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles



(Ready for capture.)

upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protruded to feed on it, the filaments close, and catching the fly by the extremity of its



(The Fly caught.)

proboscis, detain the poor prisoner writhing in protracted struggles till released by death, a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will, at times, be dusky from the numbers of imprisoned wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertilizing of the seed by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the berberry; but we are not sensible that the destruction of the creatures which excite the action is in any way essential to the wants or perfection of the plant, and our ignorance favours the idea of a wanton cruelty in the herb; but how little of the causes and motives of action of created things do we know!

The three subjoined cuts will explain this vegetable mechanism: *a*, a flower of the dogbane enlarged; *b*, the pointal with seed at its base; *c*, two expanded anthers ready for capture; *d*, the anthers closed over the pointal, and the prey captured.

New Books.

WANDERINGS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 430.)

[We resume our quotations from this very entertaining and miscellaneous work, in the hope of blending novelty with amusement.]

The Tea-tree.

The *Melaleuca*, or tea-tree, was very abundant in some parts of the forests, attaining the elevation of thirty-five to forty feet, and a diameter of nearly two feet: the bark is nearly as smooth as velvet, and, like most of the Australian trees, is deciduous: the wood is stated to be very durable, and, the leaves being formerly used as a substitute for tea, it still retains the name of "Tea-tree" among the colonists.

Australian Superstitions.

The aborigines have many superstitious ceremonies connected with their practice of the healing art, as we find among all primitive nations; those persons who take upon themselves the occupation to attend upon the sick or wounded, unite the offices of priest, soothsayer, and physician. The few medicines administered by them are from the vegetable kingdom; they also make use of a crystal for the cure of diseases, not by administering it to the sick person, but the physician employs its aid, to act upon the superstitious mind of his patient; it is the common quartz crystal, and is called by the natives, in the vicinity of Sydney, *Krardgee Kibba*, or *Doctor Stone*.* This name, borrowed from the Europeans, is sometimes employed by the *Yas* natives, but that by which it is characterized by them and likewise by the natives of the *Murrumbidgee* and *Tumat* countries, is "*Merrudagalle*." The aborigines say they manufacture it, but would not mention the ingredients of which it is composed; this was a secret!! The women are never permitted to look upon it, and the priests impose upon their minds a belief, that, should their curiosity prompt them so far, they would instantly die.

These crystals are valued by them according to their size, and it is not easy to procure a large one from them. They are not only regarded as a charm by which wounds and diseases of the human frame can be cured, but they advance another step, by declaring, that when thrown at a person (accompanied, I suppose, by certain incantations) it will

have the power of causing his death. This power, said by them to be possessed by the stone, having been mentioned one day by a native to a European settler, the latter ridiculed it, and desired the black to put it to the test by throwing it at him. This, however, was refused, "he being good man;" alluding to the European, "he no want kill him;" and, after using every endeavour to induce blackee to make the trial, he shuffled out of the dilemma, by acknowledging "that it would have no effect upon the white fellers."

The following account of the manner in which the crystal is used by the physician, may be considered interesting. In the *Tumat* country, a native black, named *Golong*, was suffering from a spear wound, received a short time previous in a skirmish with a hostile tribe; it was in the evening, (for the stones are only used after dark, as at that time their efficacy is considered greater,) when a native of his tribe, named *Baramumbup*, employed the crystal for the purpose of healing the wound in the following manner:

The patient was laid at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the encampment, after which the physician commenced the examination of the wound, which he sucked; then, without spitting, he retired to a distance of ten or fifteen yards from the invalid, muttered, or appeared to mutter, some prayer or invocation, for about a minute; on concluding, he placed the crystal in his mouth, sucked it, and then, removing the stone, spat upon the ground, and trampled upon the discharged saliva, pressing it with his feet firmly into the earth. This ceremony was repeated several times on this and subsequent evenings, until the patient's recovery, which, of course, was considered to have been effected by the wonderful curative properties resident in the crystal. On making inquiry, why the physician is so careful in trampling the saliva discharged from his mouth into the ground, no satisfactory reason could be obtained, a vague answer only being returned to the query; but it is not improbable that they consider, by this operation, they finally destroy the power of the evil spirit, extracted by the operation, through the virtues of the stone; some such reason for this proceeding may be inferred from an observation made to any European, who may be present at this part of the ceremony, that "He no come up again."

A somewhat analogous custom exists among the aboriginal tribes of Brazil, called "*Guachos*," as related by *Spix* and *Martius* in their *Brazilian Travels*. (English Trans. 8vo. vol. ii. p. 77.) "Their *Payés*, or physicians, (called in their language, *Vunageneto*), are conjurers and exorcists of the evil principle, which they call *Nanigogigo*. Their cures of the sick are very simple, and consist principally in fumigating, or in sucking, the

* "*Krardgee*," signifying a person who attends on the sick; and "*kibba*," a stone.

part affected; on which the payé spits into a pit, as if he would give back the evil principle, which he has sucked out, to the earth, and bury it."

The Feathered Jackass.

Among the feathered animals which abound at Narrangullen, is the *Dacelo gigantea*, Temm., better known to the colonists and strangers by the appellation of "Laughing or Feathered Jackass."* Its peculiar gurgling laugh, commencing from a low, and gradually rising, to a high and loud tone, is often heard by the traveller in all parts of the colony, sending forth its deafening noises whilst remaining perched upon the lofty branch of a tree watching for prey; it is respected by gardeners for destroying grubs, &c. The natives at Yas call the bird "Gogera," or "Gogobera," probably from its peculiar note, which has some resemblance to the sound of the word. It is said that one seldom laughs without being accompanied by a second, forming a very harmonious duet.

This bird, from its devouring mice and venomous reptiles, deserves protection; (hawks also destroy snakes in this colony.) A gentleman told me that he was perfectly aware of the bird destroying snakes, as he had often seen them carry the reptiles to a tree, and break their heads to pieces with their sharp, strong beaks; he also said he had known them destroy chickens soon after they were hatched, and carry away eggs, breaking the shell with their sharp beaks, to get at their contents. One of these birds, seen upon the branch of a tree near a river, looking so stupid, and nodding as if asleep, was shot, and it was then found that this peculiar manner proceeded from having swallowed a small snake, which had got into the stomach, throat, and bill, but had not yet accommodated itself in the former cavity.

It is not uncommon to see these birds fly up with a long snake pending from their beak, the bird holding the reptile by the neck, just behind the head; but as the snake hangs down without motion, and appears dead, it is probable that the bird destroys them upon the ground before it conveys them into the tree. From these circumstances, although they may now and then "make away" with an egg, or recently hatched chicken, by mistake for other food, yet there ought to be a prohibition against their being injured, as the vermin destroyed by them amply repay such trifling losses. This is the first bird heard in the morning, and the last (among the day-birds) at night; it rises with the dawn, when the woods re-echo with its gurgling laugh; at sunset they are again heard, and as that glorious orb sinks in the west-

ward, a last "good night" is given in its peculiar tones to all within hearing.

Flock of Parrots.

It was related to me, that formerly such multitudes of parrots would beset a field of grain, as to oblige a settler to employ a number of men expressly to drive them away; and even then it was done with difficulty. This is now rare: which circumstance is not attributed to any depopulation of the "Polly" tribe, but from cultivation having become more extended; the parrot population being now divided in flocks about the different fields, when formerly they made their formidable attacks upon one or two only, and then in such numbers, that, left undisturbed for only a few hours, it would suffice to destroy the hopes of the settler, at all events for that season. It was computed that thirty or forty thousand of these birds were about the field at one time; and from what I saw, I do not consider the numbers were exaggerated. It is not only ripe grain that suffers from them, but, when it commences to vegetate, they assemble in immense flocks, to root up and devour it. The Loris are said to migrate from the Yas country in the summer, returning in the winter season: whether for food or from what cause I could not ascertain.

The Lyre Pheasant.†

The "Native, or Wood-pheasant," or "Lyre bird" of the colonists, the "*Menura superba*" of naturalists, and the "Béleck, béleck," and "Balangara" of the aboriginal tribes, is abundant about the mountain ranges, in all parts of the colony; the tail of the male bird is very elegant, but the remainder of the plumage in the male, and the whole of that of the female, is destitute of beauty. The tail of the male bears a striking resemblance, in its graceful form, to the harmonious lyre of the Greeks, from which circumstance it has received the name of the "Lyre bird" of Australia. The tail-feathers, detached entire from the bird, are sought for by collectors for their beauty, and are sold in the shops of the zoological collectors at Sydney, in pairs, formerly at a cheap rate, as the birds then abounded in the mountain ranges of the Illawarra district; but now that the bird, from its frequent destruction, has become rare, these tails have attained a price of from twenty to thirty shillings the pair. About the ranges, however, of the Tumat country, where they have been seldom destroyed, they are seen more frequently; at this season of the year, (December,) it has its young; indeed this is the season that the young of all the wild animals are produced in the colony, and can consequently be procured with facility.

The Lyre pheasant is a bird of heavy flight, but swift of foot. On catching a

* This occasioned a lady at home to declare, that of all the wonderful productions of Australia, she thought nothing could equal the "feathered donkey."

† Figured in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p. 281.

glimpse of the sportsman, it runs with rapidity; aided by the wings in getting over logs of wood, rocks, or any obstruction to its progress, it seldom flies into trees, except to roost, and then rises only from branch to branch: they build in old hollow trunks of trees, which are lying upon the ground, or in the holes of rocks; the nest is formed merely of dried grass, or dried leaves, scraped together; the female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs of a white colour, with a few scattered light blue spots; the young are difficult to catch, as they run with rapidity, concealing themselves among the rocks and bushes.

The Lyre pheasant on descending from high trees, on which it perches, has been seen to fly some distance; it is more often observed during the early hours of the morning, and in the evenings, than during the heat of the day. Like all the galinaceous tribe, it scratches about the ground and roots of trees, to pick up seeds, insects, &c. The aborigines decorate their greasy locks, in addition to the emu feathers, with the splendid tail-feathers of this bird when they can procure them.

Christmas Day.

Christmas Day is regarded as a festival by the blacks who live near the habitations of the white men, it being customary at this period for the settlers to distribute among them provisions and spirits, with which they contrive to render themselves *perfectly happy*. Several tribes had formed their encampment on and about the Plains, for the occasion: their huts had been speedily erected, by collecting the branches of trees, and laying over them sheets of bark, so placed as to form a shelter to windward; the fire being made in front. Some appeared in "native costume," with an extra daub of red ochre, and the bolumbine round the head; others wore tufts of the yellow crest of the white cockatoo, pending from their beards; but there were some who approximated to civilized society in dress, being arrayed in shirt, trousers, and handkerchief;—and when thus cleanly "rigged out" in European finery, their personal appearance was not unprepossessing,—not that I mean to say they will bear away the palm for personal beauty.

Some of the "black fellers" had merely a jacket, others only a shirt: the garments, however, were merely put on for the occasion, to be soon after laid aside, as they find clothing materially obstruct them when engaged in hunting or other expeditions. The putting on the European garments serves merely to gratify their vanity, making them look "like white feller," as they express it. Having observed, to one who petitioned me for a pair of "inexpressibles," to look "like white feller," that his father did not wear breeches; he replied, "My fadder no see white feller

trousers—if make a light (see) make get; but no white feller sit down this place when my fadder here."

The "ladies" are conspicuous principally for their head gear; glowing in grease and red ochre, the ringlets of these "dark angels" were decorated with opossum tails, the extremities of other animals, and the incisor-teeth of the kangaroo; some had the cambun, (bolumbine of the Tumat country,) or fillet, daubed with pipeclay, bound round the forehead: this ornament is sometimes made from the stringy bark tree, as well as from the tendons of the kangaroo's tail: lateral lines of pipe-clay ornamented the upper part of their faces, breast, and arms. Both men and women have raised cicatrices over the breast, arms, and back; but the forms of these personal decorations are various. They regarded, with a degree of awe, a keyed bugle, with which a gentleman amused himself at this place: they called it the *coblong* (*large*) *whistle*; and were more pleased with the slow airs played upon it, than those of a lively and quick movement.

On the evening of Christmas Day we adjourned to the veranda: the scene was beautiful; the heavy clouds, which had previously obscured the heavens, had passed away; the sun, about to set, cast a red glow over the beautiful scenery of fields of golden grain; numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep scattered over different parts of the extensive plains; the elegant, drooping, young manna trees, and the sombre foliage of the *Banksia*, or honeysuckle; the picturesque wooded hills, with declivities covered with verdure to the plains beneath, and the farthest view terminated by distant mountains, formed a splendid prospect.

My attention was recalled from the enjoyment of this tranquil scene, by the noisy revelry of the blacks, whose approaches towards civilization were manifested by their getting intoxicated. The camp was now one scene of tumult and confusion: the huts, of a weak and temporary construction, were thrown down; the men, inebriated with "*bull*," were chasing the women and children with sticks, who scampered away to escape the punishment awarded to their mockery: numerous curses, in English, proceeded from the lips of the inebriated blacks, being terms more expressive than any their limited language could afford. As the men swore, the women screamed and talked incessantly.

One of them came to me the following morning, and said, "You ought give black feller milliken, (milk,) bullock, and sheep, for white feller come up here, drive away opossum and kangaroo, and poor black feller get noting to patta, (eat,) merry, merry, get hungry,"—a very true tale, thought I.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT,

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall,

Is, as heretofore, a very delightful and instructive little volume, with 10 embellishments of sufficient merit for any adult annual. The little purchasers, or rather, receivers, may again meet in its pages such clever contributors to their entertainment and improvement as the ingenious editor, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Pardoe, Mary Howitt, the Rev. R. Walsh, Rev. C. Williams, and F. G. Elliott. Dr. Walsh's paper is a neat dialogue upon Choke-damp and Fire damp; Mrs. Carmichael's contribution is *A Visit to the Botanical Garden of St. Vincent*, with facts new to juvenile readers. Both these are extractable papers for the "larger growth;" but we pass on to a few selections from a lively sketch by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia, which has been transplanted hither from an American work.

Country Lodgings in America.

It has often been a subject of surprise to me, that so many, even of those highly-gifted people who are fortunate enough to possess both sorts of sense (common and uncommon), show, nevertheless, on some occasions, a strange disinclination to be guided by the self-evident truth, that in all cases where the evil preponderates over the good, it is better to reject the whole than to endure a large portion of certain evil for the sake of a little sprinkling of probable good. I can think of nothing, just now, that will more aptly illustrate my position than the practice, so prevalent in the summer months, of quitting a commodious and comfortable home, in this most beautiful and convenient of cities, for the purpose of what is called boarding out of town; and wilfully encountering an assemblage of almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to," in the vain hope of finding superior coolness in those establishments that go under the denomination of country lodgings, and are sometimes to be met with in insulated locations, but generally in the unpaved and dusty streets of the villages and hamlets that are scattered about the vicinity of Philadelphia.

These places are adopted as substitutes for the springs or the sea-shore; and it is also not unusual for persons who have already accomplished the fashionable tour, to think it expedient to board out of town for the remainder of the summer, or till they are frightened home by the autumnal epidemics.

The last time I was induced to make a trial of the delights of country lodgings, I had been told of a very genteel lady (the widow of an Englishman, said to have been highly connected in his own county), who

had taken a charming house at a short distance from the city, with the intention of accommodating boarders for the summer; and I finally allowed myself to be prevailed on to become an inmate of her establishment, as I had just returned from the north, and found the weather still very warm.

Two of my friends, a lady and gentleman, accompanied me when I went to engage my apartment. The ride was a very short one, and we soon arrived at a white frame house, with green window-shutters, and also a green gate, which opened into a little front garden with one gravel walk, two grass-plats, and four Lombardy poplar trees, which, though excluded in the city, still keep their ground in out-of-town places.

There was no knocker, but after hammering and shaking the door for nearly five minutes, it was at last opened by a bare-footed bound-girl, who hid herself behind it as if ashamed to be seen. She wore a ragged light calico frock, through the slits of which appeared at intervals a black stuff petticoat; the body was only kept together with pins, and partly concealed by a dirty cape of coarse white muslin; one lock of her long yellow hair was stuck up by the wreck of a horn comb, and the remaining tresses hung about her shoulders. When we inquired if Mrs. Netherby was at home, the girl scratched her head, and stared as if stupified by the question; and on its being repeated, she replied that "she would go and look," and then left us standing at the door. A black servant would have opened the parlour, ushered us in, and, with smiles and courtesies, requested us to be seated. However, we took the liberty of entering without invitation, and the room being perfectly dark, we also used the freedom of opening the shutters.

The floor was covered with a mat which fitted no where, and showed evidence of long service. Whatever air might have been introduced through the fire-place, was effectually excluded by a thick chimney-board, covered with a square of wall-paper, representing King George IV. visiting his camelopard. I afterwards found that Mrs. Netherby was very proud of her husband's English origin. The mantel-piece was higher than our heads, and therefore the mirror that adorned it was too elevated to be of any use. This lofty shelf was also decorated with two paste-board baskets, edged with gilt paper, and painted with bunches of calico-looking flowers; two fire-screens ditto, and two card-racks in the shape of harps, with loose and crooked strings of gold thread. In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, the feet black with age, and the top covered with one of those coarse unbleached cloths of figured linen, that always look like dirty white. The curiosities of the centre-table consisted of a tumbler of marigolds; a

dead souvenir, which had been a living one in 1826; a scrap work-box, stuck all over with figures of men, women, and children, which had been most wickedly cut out of engravings, and deprived of their back-grounds for this purpose; an album, with wishy-washy drawings and sickening verses; a china writing-apparatus, destitute alike of ink, sand, and wafers; and a card of the British consul, which I afterwards learned had once been left by him for Mr. Netherby.

The walls were ornamented with enormous heads, drawn in black crayon, and hung up in narrow gilt frames, with bows of faded gauze riband. One head was inscribed Innocence, and had a crooked mouth; a second was Beneficence, with a crooked nose; a third was Contemplation, with a prodigious swelling on one of her cheeks; and the fourth was Veneration, turning up two eyes of unequal size. The flesh of one of these heads looked like china, and another like satin; the third had the effect of velvet, and the fourth resembled plush.

All these things savoured of much unfounded pretension; but we did not then know that they were chiefly the work of Mrs. Netherby herself, who, as we learned in the sequel, had been blessed with a boarding-school education, and was, according to her own opinion, a person of great taste and high polish.

It was a long time before the lady made her appearance, as we had arrived in the midst of the siesta, in which it was the custom of every member of the establishment (servants included) to indulge themselves during the greatest part of the afternoon, with the exception of the bound-girl, who was left up to "mind the house." Mrs. Netherby was a tall, thin, sharp-faced woman, with an immense cap, that stood out all round and encircled her head like a halo, and was embellished with an enormous quantity of yellowish gauze riband, that seemed to incorporate with her huge yellow curls—fair hair being much affected by ladies who have survived all other fairness. She received us with abundance of smiles and a profusion of flat compliments, uttered in a voice of affected softness; and on making known my business, I was conducted up stairs to see a room, which, she said, would suit me exactly.

It was small, but looked tolerably well; and though I was not much prepossessed in favour of either the house or the lady, I was unwilling that my friends should think me too fastidious, and it was soon arranged that I should take possession the following day.

Next afternoon I arrived at my new quarters; and tea being ready soon after, I was introduced to the other boarders as they came down from their respective apartments. The table was set in a place dignified with the title of "the dining-room," but which was,

in reality, a sort of ante-kitchen, and located between the acknowledged kitchen and the parlour. It still retained vestiges of a dresser, part of which was entire, in the shape of the broad lower shelf and the under closets. This was painted red, and Mrs. Netherby called it the side-board. The room was narrow, the ceiling was low, the sunbeams had shone full upon the windows the whole afternoon, and the heat was extreme. A black man waited on the tea-table, with his coat out at elbows, and a marvellous dirty apron, not thinking it worth his while to wear good clothes in the country. And while he was tolerably attentive to every one else, he made a point of disregarding or disobeying every order given to him by Mrs. Netherby, knowing that, for so trifling a cause as disrespect to herself, she would not dare to dismiss him at the risk of getting no one in his place,—it being always understood, that servants confer a great favour on their employers when they condescend to go with them into the country. Behind Mrs. Netherby's chair stood the long-haired bound-girl (called Anna by her mistress, and Nance by Bingham, the black waiter), waving a green poplar branch by way of fly-brush, and awkwardly flirting it in every one's face.

The aspect of the tea-table was not inviting. Every thing was in the smallest possible quantity that decency would allow. There was a plate of rye-bread, and a plate of wheat, and a basket of crackers; another plate with half a dozen paltry cakes, that looked as if they had been bought under the old Court House; some morsels of dried beef on two little tea-cup plates, and a small glass dish of that preparation of curds which, in vulgar language, is called smear-case, but whose *nom de guerre* is cottage-cheese—at least, that was the appellation given it by our hostess. The tea was so weak that it was difficult to discover whether it was black or green; but finding it undrinkable, I requested a glass of milk; and when Bingham brought me one, Mrs. Netherby said, with a smile, "See what it is to live in the country!"

The company consisted of a lady with three very bad children; another with a very insipid daughter, about eighteen or twenty, who, like her mother, seemed utterly incapable of conversation; and a fat Mrs. Pownsey, who talked an infinite deal of nothing, and soon took occasion to let me know that she had a very handsome house in the city. The gentlemen belonging to these ladies never came out till after tea, and returned to town early in the morning.

Towards sunset, I proposed taking a walk with the young lady, but she declined on account of the dew; and we returned to the parlour, where there was no light during the whole evening, as Mrs. Netherby declared that she thought nothing was more pleasant than to sit in a dark room in the summer.

And when we caught a momentary glimpse from the candles that were carried past the door as the people went up and down stairs, we had the pleasure of finding that innumerable cock-roaches were running over the floor, and probably over our feet—these detestable insects having also a fancy for darkness.

[Next is an amusing picture of American education.]

The gentlemen talked altogether of trade and bank business. Some neighbours came in, and nearly fell over us in the dark. Finding the parlour (which had but one door) most insupportably warm, I took my seat in the entry—a narrow passage, which Mrs. Netherby called the hall. Thither I was followed by Mrs. Pownsey, a lady of the Malaprop school, who had been talking to me all the evening of her daughters, Mary Margaret and Sarah Susan, they being now on a visit to an aunt in Connecticut. These young ladies had been educated, as their mother informed me, entirely by herself, on a plan of her own, and, as she assured me, with complete success; for Sarah Susan, the youngest, though only ten years old, was already regarded as quite a phinominny (phenomenon), and as to Mary Margaret, she was an absolute prodigal.

"I teach them every thing myself," said she, "except their French, and music, and drawing, in all which they take lessons from the first masters. And Mr. Bullhead, an English gentleman, comes twice a week to attend to their reading, and writing, and arithmetic, and the grammar of geography. They never have a moment to themselves, but are kept busy from morning till night. You know that idleness is the root of all evil."

"It is certainly the root of *much* evil," I replied; "but you know the old adage, which will apply equally well to both sexes, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"Oh! they often play," resumed Mrs. Pownsey. "In the evening, after they have learned their lessons, they have games of history, and botany, and mathematics, and all such instructive diversions. I allow them no other plays. Their minds are certainly well stored with all the arts and sciences."

"But, Mrs. Pownsey," said I, "do you never permit your daughters to read for amusement?"

"Never," replied this wisest of mothers; "amusement is the high road to vice. Indeed, with all their numerous studies, they have little or no time for reading any thing; and when they have, I watch well that they shall read only books of instruction, such as Mr. Bullhead chooses for them. They are now at Rowland's Ancient History, and they have already got through seven volumes. Their Aunt Watson (who, between ourselves, is rather a weak-minded woman) is shocked

at the children reading that book, and says it is filled with crimes and horrors. But so is all the ancient history that ever I heard of; and of course it is proper that little girls should know these things. They will get a great deal more benefit from Rowland than from reading Miss Edgeworth's story-books, that sister Watson is always recommending."

"Have they ever read the history of their own country?" said I.

"I suppose you mean the History of America," replied Mrs. Pownsey. "Oh! that is of no consequence at all; and Mr. Bullhead says it is never read in England."

[Some of this may be rather Trollop-ish, but the reader must recollect it is by an American authoress, and of native fidelity. Here are two pretty poetical breathings of natural history for young minds.]

TO THE BRAMBLE.—BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose—
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses blow,
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are.
How delicate thy ganxy frill!
How rich thy budded stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.
While silent showers are falling slow,
And whispering through the bush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Amid the general hush!
The violet near the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn-flower is dead;
But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh, green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Again thou bidst me a boy,
More fain than bird or bee
To gad, in freedom and in joy,
O'er bank and brake with thee.

THE NAUTILUS.—BY MARY HOWITT.

Like an ocean-breeze afloat,
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he!
Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue;
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail nor lifts an oar:
Oh! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus!
Much he knows the northern whaler,
More the Great Pacific sailor;
And Phœnicæans, old and grey,
In old times knew more than they;

But, oh! daring voyager small,
More thou knowest than they all!
Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new-created seas:
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up Ammonite!
Thou survived the awful shock
That turned the ocean-bed to rock,*
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms—
Fossil-scrolls that tell of change.

Thou wast there!—thy little boat
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;
Amid wreck and overturning—
Rock-imbedding, heaving, burning!
Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine!

Then thou saw the settling ocean
Calming from its dark commotion;
Aid, less mighty than the first,
Forth a new creation burst!

Saw each crested billow rise
With ten thousand forms of life;
Saw the budding sea weed grow
In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mine
Hourly-branching coralines.

Thou didst know the sea, ere man
His first voyage had begun—
All the world hadst sailed about
Ere America was found out—
Ere Ulysses and his men
Came to Ithaca again;
Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,
Brave old voyager, merrily,
While within the forest grew
The tree that was the first canoe.
Daring circumnavigator,
Would thou wert thine own narrator!

[With knowledge so sweetened, we do not hesitate to pronounce the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* a hundred times more to the purposes of amusement and instruction than all Mrs. Pownsey's "games of history, and botany, and mathematics, and all such instructive diversions."]

* The little *Nautilus* is found imbedded with the fossil remains of those sea-crocodiles and dragon-like creatures which have ceased to exist.

The Gatherer.

An Elegant Compliment.—A youth of about twelve years of age, presented a young lady with the drawing of an owl for her scrap book. His father observed, that it was a sly way of taking a portrait, and asked him whether he did not intend drawing her sister as a vulture, raven, or cormorant? "No, no!" replied the young gallant, bowing to Miss, "when I take your picture, it shall be as a bird of paradise." H. B.

Remarkable Oak.—Most persons who have wandered on a summer's day amongst the green glades and leafy avenues of Greenwich Park, have probably observed a massy and aged oak in the garden attached to the

Keeper's house; few, however, are aware of its real magnitude. The trunk is hollow, and there is sufficient room within it for a table, round which twelve persons may sit. At three feet from the ground it measures thirty-one feet in girth. The circumference of the interior is twenty-two feet. The doorway was originally a cleft, which is now five feet five inches high, and upwards of two feet broad. The present height of the trunk is about forty feet, and its age is unknown. The old tree has been more than once honoured with the presence of royalty, and is now used as a place of temporary confinement for juvenile depredations in the chestnut season.—*Greenwich Guardian*, No. 1.

Affection believes not in death, until it be present in the house.—*L. E. L.*

A Falconer.—A little girl reading in English history that the imposter, Lambert Simnel, having first been made a scullion in Henry VII.'s kitchen, "was afterwards advanced to the dignity of falconer," inquired of a sister a little older than herself, what was a falconer. "Why, you ninny!" answered the sagacious child, who had caught the word "kitchen" a little while before, "what should he be, but a person who takes care of the forks!"

A few days since, in the sale of Mr. Heber's library, was J. Crouch's "*Masses' Tears* for the death of Henry, Duke of Gloucester," 1660.

Mathematical Demonstration.—The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question: "But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'You lie?' 'What cud I do? why, I wudn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it. Pruv it, sir, pruv it, I'd say. If he cudn't, he'd be the liar, and there I shud have him; bu', if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront; and there I expect the matter wud end." J. M. R.

Hoisting an Ensign.—A young officer had embarked for a foreign station on board a man-of-war, with a detachment of his regiment. The captain of the vessel happening, in his hearing, to order, for the purpose of making a signal, "An ensign to be hoisted at the mizen-peak," the simple youth exclaimed: "Well! I'm not first ensign for duty—that's one comfort!" J. R.

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